

Betrayed to The Spanish

By SAMUEL LOVELACE

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Three men had lain down to sleep in a Cuban jungle—three men in ragged uniforms and unkempt in appearance to the last degree. Two of them wore bandages over fresh wounds, and the third looked gaunt and starved and slept as if sleep had not come to them for several nights before. It was 8 o'clock when they threw themselves down among the land crabs, with the evening air swarming with mosquitoes, and it was an hour after midnight when one of them awoke and softly crawled over to another and whispered in his ear: "Diaz, awake! It is time!"

"Is the Yankee sound asleep?" asked the other as he sat up.

"He sleeps like a pig. Things could not be better for us."

The two moved away like serpents through the rank grass and jungle until they had covered a hundred feet, and then they stood up and made their way swiftly along in the direction of the Spanish lines.

There were plenty of American adventures in the ranks of the patriots—men whose sympathies were on the right side and who ran the blockade and joined the insurgents to fight for them as they had fought for the Union years before. Such men were at first given the hand of welcome, but when their dash and bravery had earned them promotion there were envy and jealousy to be reckoned with.

The man left lying alone in the jungle was Tom Warner, good natured, reckless and careless. Here, where he had been fighting for six months, nearly always on scout duty, he was called Captain Warner. He had a commission from Garcia, but the title was a barren one. He had furnished his own weapons and clothing and had never drawn a penny from what facetiously might be termed the insurgent treasury. He had won praise and admiration for a time, and then jealousy crept in to make certain men hope in secret that the Spaniards might make him captive. They had heard of the Yankee fighter—aye, and felt his blows—and they had said that they would give him no quarter if they were lucky enough to capture him. He had sent back a message of defiance and gone his way, and it never once entered his mind that some of the men whose battles he was assisting to fight might betray him.

"So you wish to surrender yourselves and at the same time put the Yankee into my hands?" asked the colonel into whose presence they were conducted from the picket post.

"Yes, Senor Colonel. We wish to fight against our good friends the Spaniards no longer, and in surrendering we place in your hands one who has killed many of your brave men. The reward shall be what you will."

The colonel looked at them for a moment in contempt. The Spaniard is bloodthirsty and cruel in wartime, but he also has a code of honor. He might condescend to play the spy, but he would not condescend to betray for money.

Each one of the men was handed a five dollar gold piece and ordered to report to the officer of the day, and the colonel wrote a few lines and dispatched them by his orderly and lay down to sleep.

Two hours later he heard the sergeant's squad that had been sent out coming back with their prisoner, but he turned over and slept again. It would be time enough to settle with the Yankee in the morning. The squad had been guided to the place where the captain still slumbered, and he had been made a prisoner without resistance.

"And so, American, you are here, fighting among the rebels against our king!" sneered the colonel when he had eaten his breakfast and the prisoner stood before him.

"I am fighting for the independence of Cuba," was the quiet reply.

"The independence of a mob of dogs! However, that makes no difference. You are not one of them. You have no right here. You may have a commission, but I do not recognize it. No rebel dog has authority to issue commissions. You know your fate, senor?"

"I believe you sent me word only a month ago that you would shoot me without trial if I had the misfortune to be captured."

"And rest assured I shall do so. No; I will not shoot you; I will hang you. You are a spy, and you shall die by the rope."

"On what day and hour?" was the calm inquiry.

"Days and hours!" thundered the colonel as he showed his teeth at his prisoner. "I have no days and hours for the hanging of such as you. I string them up at my own convenience. At 10 o'clock—an hour and a half from now—you shall dance on nothing!"

"Very well, colonel," said Tom as he saluted and fell back and was marched away by his guard.

"He is a brave man," mused the colonel later on, "but he defied me. Yes, I will hang him, and I will make him straddle before he is swung off. When the dogs of renegades hear how he died, begging for his life, it will be a lesson to be heeded. He is hungry and thirsty, but he shall neither eat nor drink before the execution."

The force under the colonel comprised about 400 men. Orders were sent out so guards, all but the sentinels, under arms at 10:15, and a corporal was detailed to see to the erection of a gallows. His work was not arduous or lengthy. A small tree trunk was

passed from the crotch of one tree to another and a noosed rope tied to its center. The prisoner would be placed on a pork barrel—an American pork barrel for the grim irony—and it would be kicked from under him.

At the hour named by the colonel the troops were under arms and formed a three sided square around the gallows. Then the prisoner was brought out. His elbows were tied behind him, and in his contempt for the Cubans who had sold their officer the colonel ordered the two men to march with the condemned man and act as his executioners. They had sold a man for money, but when it came to playing the part of hangmen they rebelled. They hung back, but the colonel ordered the lash applied.

When the prisoner was led under the noosed rope the colonel faced him and made him a butt of ridicule. He pointed at his ragged, starved looks, at his unkempt appearance, and the soldiers in line laughed. From ridicule he turned to sarcasm and thence to abuse and revilement, and during the long half hour the prisoner faced him calmly without a word. There were not ten men in the lines who did not feel a secret admiration for him. The colonel had failed to shake his nerve, and, chagrined and angered, he ordered one of the deserters to place the barrel and the other to assist the prisoner to mount.

Then it was that one of the betrayers felt the stings of conscience. He was the one who was placing the barrel. He knew what he was going to do would bring him perhaps a more cruel death than that designed for his captain, but he did not hesitate. Like a flash he whipped out a knife and cut the prisoner's bonds, and, though taken by surprise, Captain Tom bounded away toward the forest.

In his excitement the colonel called upon the lines to fire and ran after the fleeing man. A volley was let go, and when the smoke cleared away the colonel lay dead on the ground, the victim of twenty bullets.

For a moment every soldier seemed dumb and without power to move. Then there were shouts and yells, and the lines broke and became a mob. When order was restored the renegades were no longer in sight. The jungle sheltered them and the captain they had betrayed.

"Poor devils!" the released man said. "I don't blame you much. It's a hard road to liberty, and a man has to be something more than a fishworm to win it."

Charming the Ants.

The mistress of a house in India has to deal with strange servants, picturesque creatures whose minds are bent at every point by the traditions of caste or custom. Chota Chankidar was a tiny night watchman employed by Cornelia Sorabji because he had chosen that occupation. But by day he helped her do her gardening and after burying seeds would rush eagerly next morning to see if green leaves were showing.

When the little green things were really up there came white ants to eat them, and it was Chota Chankidar who found a remedy.

"It behooves us to call a magic man," he said. "He will say charms to the white ants, not forgetting to use some black tar and such things which are deadly to the ant people."

"Could not you and I use the black tar and such things, Chota Chankidar?" asked the mistress humbly.

"Maybe. But we could not say the words."

"But we will say words of our own." He thought for a moment and then shook his head with melancholy energy. "No, no, Miss Sahib! The father-grandfather ways are best always, and our father-grandfathers always called the magic men to this like trouble. Besides," he added appealingly, "of course, though we people know better than the magic men, the ant people are senseless and would not understand our language."

So the ant people were exterminated with appropriate ceremonies.

No Twilight in Mexico.

There is almost no twilight in Mexico. You watch the sun, a blazing orb, descending with growing swiftness and wreathed in a veil of fire toward the horizon. Around the air is amber tinted, glowing. Suddenly it begins to drop behind the distant mountains, and the shadows advance across the plain, swallowing up the landscape in mellow gloom. The shadow draws near and nearer—envelops the town. Behind you the sky is still lit up with the rosy beams. A line of shadow creeps swiftly up the rugged sides of old Popocatepetl, obscuring completely the base of the mountain as it advances. Up, up the snow capped crest, deepening in tint until at last it hangs like a great opal against the darkening sky. A moment it remains so, glowing and quivering as if on fire—grows smaller and is gone. Night has come.

Through the dusky silence you seek your hotel, passing on the roadside silent figures, fagot laden. "Adios, senor." Their soft voiced greeting falls upon your ear like a benediction.—Lee W. Ziegler in Recreation.

Through, but Kept Going.

A long winded member of the Massachusetts legislature was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered to the town hall to hear it.

He had been speaking quite awhile when finally an old Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his back to drive the orator to the station.

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box.

The old man turned about.

"Aye," said he; "but he's lang ago, and he will na stop."



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NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscribers, the Executors of the last will and testament of Eleanor T. Annis, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the twenty-third day of September next.

Witness my hand and seal, this 1st day of August, 1905.

JOHN T. ANNIS, Executor.

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NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of George E. Towlesbury, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Saturday, the eighth day of July next.

Witness my hand and seal, this 1st day of August, 1905.

SIMON S. OTT, Executor.

NOTICE.

The following petition has been received by the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex.

To the Town Council of the Town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex.

The subscribers and signers hereof, being owners of one-sixth of the lands situated within the town of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and adjoining the proposed improvement hereinafter mentioned and described, do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to construct a sewer in Llewellyn avenue.

The improvement desired, set forth accurately, is as follows:

Beginning in the center line of Llewellyn avenue at the intersection of the same with the center line of Glenwood avenue; from thence running westerly along the center line of Llewellyn avenue 1,100 feet and ending there.

The O. K. Land Company, per WALTER F. LINDLEY, President, 560 feet.

The Co-operative Realty Company, WALTER F. LINDLEY, Vice-President, 435 feet.

The People's Land Company, per WALTER F. LINDLEY, Counsel, 200 feet.

WM. E. LEWIS, Jr., President.

JOHN P. COTTRELL, Vice-President.

PETER WINKLER, Treasurer.

WM. C. FREEMAN, Secretary.

The Co-operative Realty Company, twelve houses.

JOHN P. COTTRELL, President.

WM. E. LEWIS, Jr., Treasurer.

WM. C. FREEMAN, Secretary.

WILLIAM H. STEVENSON, Agent.

Notice is hereby given that the Town Council will meet on MONDAY, August 7, 1905, at 8 P. M., in the Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building, to consider any objections that may be presented in writing to said petition or to the improvement petitioned for.

By order of the Town Council.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

NOTICE.

Objections in writing to the work done or materials used in the matter of the sewer improvement, and Cedar street improvement, must be filed in writing with the Town Clerk on or before August 7, 1905, at 8 P. M., at which time the Town Council will meet at the Council Chamber in the Bloomfield National Bank Building, to consider any objections that may be presented in writing to said petition or to the improvement petitioned for.

By order of the Town Council.

WM. L. JOHNSON, Town Clerk.

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ESTIMATES GLADLY FURNISHED.

